

The Calm After by **CoastCobra**

Category: Stranger Things, 2016

Genre: Romance, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Status: In-Progress

Published: 2017-11-04 20:46:50

Updated: 2017-11-04 20:46:50

Packaged: 2019-12-17 04:42:48

Rating: T

Chapters: 1

Words: 977

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: Just something I whipped up. I was fairly late to the party in terms of this show. I binged watched both seasons in two days and the relationship between Eleven and Mike really stuck out at me. I found it really cute, but I am a sucker for love, anyway. I know there isn't a lot of lovey-dovey in it but I'll make more if it's rated well enough. Enjoy, or don't, I don't mind.

The Calm After

Hawkins, Indiana. Summer, 1985.

It's been a year since... everything happened. Dustin would still sometimes think of Dart like he was still in his glass cage. Max's life with her stepbrother has become significantly better. Will's visions have completely left his system, and Eleven was same old El. The Wheelers have accepted her into their family and she would stay down in the basement in her cubby at night to rest. She didn't mind at all, she was just happy to finally have a comfortable place to call home... and to be near the one she loved.

It's funny how things change. She could remember when she first met Mike in the Mirkwood and he took her back to his home, to hide her, and care for her. She was hungry and frightened, and Mike could've easily told his parents or even call the police. But he didn't, and sneakily fed and clothed her while his parents were away. She could still remember the shock on his face when she fought off the 'demodogs' and stepped boldly through the front door of the Byer residence. She could still remember his touch as they embraced after so long of yearning for each other, and at the school ball. His touch. It made her giddy at times, to be a girl bred from nothing but experiments early in her life and yet lucky enough to be in the hospitality of him. One thing's for sure, she'd never take him for granted.

But there's always the things that don't change. For El, it was her powers and her love for Mike. For Joyce, it's the love for her sons. And for the loser's gang... well... there's always that one thing that would never change.

"Hah!" Exclaimed Dustin as the dices' face rolled upturned on the D&D board and read '6' and '11'. He sat back with a disgusting grin on his face that leaked his own pride. He knew what this meant. "Thirteen or over for a fireball attack on the goblin king!" Mike announced before, and Dustin awaited the response from the dungeon master.

"Yeah!" Cried Will and Lucas, promptly slapping their palms together

in celebration.

"The goblin retreats!" Mike eagerly leant forward onto the table and nearly knocked down the character models on their board, "As he begs for mercy at the tip of your staff, his face bursts into flames and his flesh melts from his bone before he could even finish! The goblin army flees the battlefield, leaving you proud and victorious!"

"Yeeaaaahh!" Everyone but Mike cheered with great ardour.

"But, you soon realise it wasn't you the goblins were frightened of..." Continued Mike with a stone-faced expression, causing the yells to simmer. "Because... out from the mist... roars the mighty Demogorgon!"

"No, no, no, no, no!" Dustin tapped the surface of the table in frustration, "That's all wrong - that's not fair, that doesn't make sense! We killed the Demogorgon back in the other campaign!"

"It..." Mike stuttered as he desperately scanned his brain for an answer, "It... was resurrected by a powerful necromancer." Dustin sat back in disbelief.

"Mike. I rolled a seventeen. I'm pretty sure I ripped his head off."

"Yeah, well that doesn't matter, it's a different campaign!"

"But it's in the same universe!" Dustin argued forward. Silence befell the room, and Dustin's eyes seemed to lock onto something behind Mike. He breathed heavily and stiffened himself in his chair, before everyone slowly turned to expect the worst. Will was the scared most; he was facing it after all, but his eyes didn't meet. What if it was a surviving demodog? Or maybe a Demogorgon? Or... even worse... angry Joyce?

Mike looked over his shoulder to see the Millenium Falcon hovering in the air. It spooked him for a brief moment until he remembered El. She would sometimes play pranks on him just to see him startled a little, and would then apologise and give him a quick peck on the cheek straight after. She thought he was cute when he was nervous. After all, she was rather playful. Mike sighed and turned to the rest.

"Chill, guys." He whispered, before turning back to the stairs, "Eleven! El! I told you not to scare me when I'm at work!" The starship suddenly smacked onto the carpet and rattled like cheap plastic. That scared them more, before she descended the stairs. Her floral skirt came into view first, it was summer after all and the weather was balmy. As the wooden steps creaked, she went further down and her thick, curly locks were revealed, along with a blood drop below her nostril.

"Sorry." She said calmly and wiped the blood from her face. Mike felt a bit guilty, he shouldn't have risen his voice at her and he knew it. He sighed once more and rose from his seat, approaching the tense El standing still. As he stood directly in front of her gaze, his heart raced once more like it always did near her. His body pushed itself forward to hers, and his lips brushed against her soft pair once again. As they stood there in love, the rest watched on in confusion and silently retched.

"I love you, weirdo."

"I love you too, Mike." Eleven muffled into her lover's chest, cradling in his arms while Dustin tapped his feet in frustration. Eleven could feel the warmth in heart, she never felt this feeling unless she was near him. Just being simply... content. She never had the luxury of such a feeling in her life, and Mike was an endless source of it. The radio suddenly started to change signals and stopped as the romantic music El was searching for emitted from the speakers.

This. She said inside her head as her chin rested on Mike's neck. This is worth living for.